

# ARISTIPPVS,

OR

The Iouiall Philosopher:

## DEMONSTRATIVELIE

proouing, That Quartes, Pintes,  
and Pottles,

Are sometimes necessary Authours in a Scholers  
Library.

*Presented in a priuate Shew.*

To which is added,

## THE CONCEITED PEDLAR.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color & status & res.*

*Semel insanimus.*

LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for Iohn Marriot, and  
are to be sold by Richard Mynne, at his shop  
in Little Britayne, at the signe of Saint  
Paul. M.DC.XXX.

ARISTOTELIS

OR

The Logical Philosopher:

DEMONSTRATIVE

PROOFS, THAT QUANTITIES, FINES,

AND POWERS,

ARE NECESSARILY ASSUMED IN A SCHOLAR'S

LIBRARY.

WITH A PREFACE BY

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE CONCISE

REMARKS.

By JOHN WATSON, Esq.

Author of the

LONDON,

Printed by T. Bland, at the Sign of the

Anchor, in the Strand, at the Sign of the

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Anchor, in the Strand.





## THE PRÆLVDIVM.

Shewes hauing beene long intermitted, and  
*forbidden by Authority for their abuses, could  
 not be rayssed but by coniuering.*

*Enter Prologue in a Circle.*

**B**E not deceiu'd, I haue no bended knees,  
 No supple tongue, nor speeches sleapt in Oyle,  
 No Ganded flattery, nor honied words,  
 'I come an armed Prologue arm'd with arts,  
 Who by my sacred charmes and mystique skill,  
 By virtue of this all-commanding Wand  
 Stolne from the sleepey *Mercury*, will raise  
 From black Abyffe and suttie Hell, that mirth  
 Which fits this learned round. Thou long-dead Show  
 Breake from thy Marble prison, sleepe no more  
 In myrie darknesse, henceforth I forbid thee  
 To bath in *Lethe's* muddy waues, ascend  
 As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,  
 And red with kisses that haue stayn'd thy cheeke,  
 Grow fresh againe : What ? is my power contemned ?  
 Dost thou not heare my call whose power extends  
 To blast the bosome of our mother Earth ?  
 To remoue heauens whole frame from off her hinges,  
 As to reuerse all Natures lawes ? Ascend

Or I will call a band of Furies forth,  
And all the Torments wit of Hell can frame  
Shall force thee vp.

*Enter Show whipt by two Furies.*

*Show.* O spare your too officious whips a while,  
Giue some small respite to my panting limbes,  
Let me haue leaue to speake and truce to parlie,  
Whose powerfull voyce hath forc'd me to salute  
This hated ayre ! are not my paines sufficient,  
But you must torture me with the sad remembrance  
Of my deserts, the Causes of my exile ?

*Prolog.* Tis thy release I seeke, I come to file  
Those heauy shackles from thy wearied limbes,  
And giue thee leaue to walke the Stage againe  
As free as Virtue : Burne that withered Bayes,  
And with fresh Laurell crowne thy sacred Temples,  
Cast of thy maske of darkenesse, and appeare  
As glorious as thy sister Comedie.  
But first with teares wash off that guilty sinne,  
Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit,  
That vse their inke to blot a spotlesse fame,  
Let's haue no one particular man traduc'd,  
Whom priuate hate hath spurr'd thee to reuile:  
But like a noble Eagle ceaze on vice,  
As she flies bold and open ! spare the persons:  
Let vs haue simple mirth and innocent laughter;  
Sweet smiling lips, and such as hide no fangs,  
No venemous biting teeth, or forked tongues,  
Then shall thy freedome be restor'd againe,  
And full applause be wages of thy paine.

*Show.* Then from the depth of truth I here protest,  
I doe disclaime all petulant hate and malice,  
I will not touch such men as I know vicious,  
Much lesse the good : I will not dare to say

That



That such a one payd for his fellowship,  
 And had no learning but in's purse ; no Officer  
 Need feare the sting of my detraction,  
 Ile giue all leaue to fill their guts in quiet :  
 I make no dangerous Almanacks, no guls,  
 No Posts with enuious Newes and biting Packets,  
 You need not feare this Show, you that are bad,  
 It is no Parliament : you that nothing haue  
 Like Schollers, but a Beard and Gowne, for me  
 May passe for good grand Sophies : all my skill  
 Shall beg but honest laughter and such smiles  
 As might become a *Cato* : I shall giue  
 No cause to grieue that once more yet I liue.

*Prolog.* Goe then and you Beadles of hell auant,  
 Returne to your eternall plagues.

*Exeunt Furies.*

*Prolog.* Here take these purer robes and clad in these,  
 Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth  
 With thy sweet temper, whilst my selfe intreat  
 Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,  
 To sit and tast and to accept thy Cates.

*Exit Show.*

*Prolog.* Sit, see, and heare, and censure he that will,  
 I come to haue my mirth approu'd not skill,  
 Your laughter all I beg, and where you see  
 No iest worth laughing at, faith laugh at me.

## ARISTIPPVS.

*Enter Simplicius.*

**S***ecundum gradum compossibilitatis, & non secundum gradum  
 incompossibilitatis.* What should this *Scotus* meane by his  
 possibilities and impossibilities? my *Cooper, Rider, Thomas,*  
 and *Minsheu* are as farre to seeke as my selfe : not a word

of *compossibilitas* or *impossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what he doe. I haue heard of a great Philosopher : he try what he can doe : They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus* : sure a Philosophers name. But they say he lies at the *Dolphin*, and that me thinks is an ill signe : yet they say too, the best Philosophers of the towne neuer lie from thence : they say tis a *Tauerne* too, for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the towne but the Schooles and *Aristotles* Well : but since I am come thus farre I will enquire : for this same *compossibilitas* and *impossibilitas* sticks in my stomach.

*Knocks.*

Boy within. *Anon, Anon Sir.*

*Simp.* What Philosophie is this ?

*Knocks.*

Boy. *Anon, Anon Sir.*

*Enters.*

Boy. Please you see a Roome Sir ? what would you haue Sir ?

*Simp.* Nothing but *Aristippus*.

Boy. You shall Sir.

*Exit.*

*Simp.* What is this ? the *Dolphin* ? now verily it lookes like a *Greene Fish* : what's yonder *Greeke* too ? now surely it is the Philosophers Motto : *Hippathi, Happithi ; aut disce, aut discede incontinenter*, a very good disjunction.

Boy. A pint of *Aristippus* to the Barre.

*Enters.*

Boy. Here Sir.

*Simp.* Ha ? what's this ?

Boy. Did you not aske for *Aristippus* Sir ?

*Simp.* The great Philosopher lately come hither.

Boy. Why this is *Aristippus*.

*Simp.* Verily then *Aristippus* is *duplex, Nominalis & Realis* ; or else the Philosopher liues like *Diogenes in dolio* : the President of Hogs-head Colledge : but I meane one *Aristippus*

*Kat.*



κατ' ἑξῆς, the great Philosopher.

Boy. I know not what you meane by Losopher, but here be Schollers in the house, Ile send them to you: Anon, anon, Sir, I cannot be here and there too, Anon, anon, Sir.

Simp. This boy would haue put a fallacie vpon mee, in *Interrogatione Plurium*: This boy is a meere *Animal*; ha; ha, he, He has not a iot of Language in him more then Anon, anon, Sir. O Giggleswicke, thou happy place of education! This poore wretch knowes not what a Philosopher meanes. To see the simplenesse of these people; They doe euery thing *ἀνὰ ὄψιν*, and haue not a iot, not an inch of *χρῆμα* in them. O what had become of me if I had not gone bare-foot to my *Præceptor*, with a Satchell at my backe.

Enter two Schollers.

*Slaves are they that heap vp mountaines,*

*Still desiring more and more,*

*Still let's carouse in Bacchus fountaines,*

*Neuer dreaming to be poore.*

*Giue vs then a Cup of liquor,*

*Fill it vp vnto the brim,*

*For then me thinks my wits grow quicker*

*When my braines in liquor swim.*

Ha braue *Aristippus*.

Pox of *Aristotle* and *Plato*, and a company of dry Raskalls:

But hey braue *Aristippus*.

Simp. Certainly there are *Aristippus* his Schollers. Sir pray can you resolue me what is *Gradus compossibilitatis*?

1 Schol. What ayles thou, thou musing man,

*Tiddle diddle dooe.*

2 Schol. *Quench thy sorrowes in a Can,*

*Tiddle diddle dooe.*

*Compossibilitas*? why that's nothing man, when you nere drink beyond your *poculum necessitatis* you are in *gradu incompossibilitatis* to all good fellowship: Come hang *Scotus* wee le lead you to *Aristippus*, one Epitome of his *inquarto* is worth a volume of these Dunces.

Simp.

*Sim.* O Gentlemen, you will binde me to thanke you in *Posulo Gratiarum*. But what Philosophie doth hee read, and what houres doth he keepe?

1 None at all precisely, but indistinctly all: Night and day he powres forth his instructions, and fills you out of measure.

2 Hee'll make the eyes of your vnderstanding see double, and teach you to speake fluently, and vtter your minde in abundance.

*Sim.* Hath he many Schollers Sir?

1 More then all the Philosophers in the Towne besides. He neuer rests but is still cald for. *Aristippus* sayes one, *Aristippus* sayes another: He is generally ask'd for, yea and by Doctors sometimes.

2 And as merry a man, There can be no Feast, but hee is sent for, and all the company are the merrier for him.

3 Did you but once heare him, you would so loue his company, you would neuer after indure to stand alone.

*Sim.* O pray helpe me to the sight of him.

2. We will braue boy: and when you haue seene him, youle thinke your selfe in another world, and scorne to bee your owne man any longer.

*Sim.* But I pray at what price reads he?

1 Why truely his price hath bin raised of late, and his very name makes him the deerer.

2 A diligent Lecturer deserves eight pence a Pinte tuition: Nay, if you will learne any thing Schollerships must be paid for. Academicall Simonie is lawfull: Nay did you euer heare of a good Preacher in a fat Benefice, vnlesse his purse were the leaner for it? Make much of him, for wee shall haue no more such in hast.

*Enter Wilde-man.*

*Sim.* But who is this?

1 The Vniuersitie Ramist, a Mault Heretique; *alias* the Wilde-



(7)

Wilde man that is growne mad to see the daily resort to *Aristippus*: but let vs leaue him to his frenzies:

But come you Lads that loue Canarie,  
Let vs haue a mad fegarie:  
Hether, hether, hether, bether,  
All good Fellowes flocke together.

Exeunt.

Wild-man.

6  
Braines, wits, senses, all flye hence: let fooles liue limed in Cages: I am the Wilde-man, and I will be wilde: Is this an age to be in a mans right wits, when the lawfull vse of the throat is so much neglected, and strong drinke lies sicke on his death bed: 'Tis aboue the patience of a Malt-horse, to see the contempt of Barley, and not run mad vpon it. This is *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, now a Deuill or two take his red-nos'd Philosophie: 'Tis he, my beere, that has vowed thee to the Vinegar-bottle; but I'll be reuenged: when next I meet him, I'll twist and twich his bush-beard from his Tauerne face: 'Tis not his *hypoathie happithi* can carry him out. Let him looke to be soundlier dash'd by mee, then euer hee was by Drawer for his impudence. I'll teach my Spanish Don a French trick, I'll either plague him with a Poxe, or haue some Claret whore burne him for an heretique, and make him challenge acquaintance of *Muld-Sacke*: If he was not either sent hither from the Britch Politique, or bee not imployed by *Spinola*, to seduce the Kings lawfull Subiects from their allegiance to strong Beere, let me hold vp my hand at the barre, and be hanged at my Signe-post, if he had not a hand in the Powder-treason! Well, I say nothing, but hee has blowne vp good store of men in his dayes, house and land and all. If they take no order with him here in the Vniuersity, the poore Country were as good haue the man in the Moone for their Pastor, as a Schollar! They are all so infected with *Aristippus* his Arminianisme, they can preach no

B

Do-

Doctrine but Sacke, and red Noses. As for the Wilde-man, they haue made him horne-mad already.

*Enter a Fellow crying Wine pots.*

Heighday, there goes the Hunts-vp: this is the Mandrakes voyce that vndoes me: you may heare him in faith. This is the Deuill of his that goes vp and downe like a roaring Sheepes-head to gather his Pewter Librarie. Ile fit him I faith,

*Beats him.*

Now you Calues-skin impudence, Ile thresh your Iacket.

*Beats him out.*

*Enter Aristippus and his two Schollers.*

*Arist.* What a coyle's here? what fellowes that? hee lookes like a mad hogget-head of March-beere that had run out, and threatned a deluge: what is hee?

1 O tis the Wilde-man sir: a zealous brother that stands vp against the persecution of Barly-broth, and will maintaine it a degree aboue the reputation of *Aqua vita*.

2 I haue heard him sweare by his *hora octaua*, that Sacke and *Rosa Solis* is but Water-grewell to it.

*Wild* O art thou there, Saint *Dunstan*, thou hast vndone me, thou cursed Fryer *Bacon*, thou hellish *Merlin*: but Ile be reuenged vpon thee. Tis not your Mephostopholis, nor any other spirits of Rubie or Carbuncle, that you can raise, nor your good father in law Doctor *Faustus*, that coniuers so many of vs in to your Wiues Circle, that with all their Magique, he shall secure you from my rage, you haue set a Spell for any mans comming into my house now.

*Arist.* Why none of my credit hath choked vp your dores.

*Wild man.* But thou hast bewitched my threshold, disturbed my house, and Ile haue thee hang'd in Gibbets for murdering my Beere, Ile haue thee tryed by a Iurie of Tapsters, and hang'd in Anon anon Sir, thou dismall and disastrous Coniurer.

*Arist.*



*Arist.* Why dost thou call mee Coniurer: I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elues to molest you: has *Robin Good fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce belecue it, for I am sure since *Sacke* and I came to towne, your house hath not beene so much haunted.

*Wild.man.* I'le put out thine eyes, *Don Canario*, I'le scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Gusman*.

*Arist.* If he and his *Beere* will not be quiet, draw um both out.

*Wild.man.* Yet I'le be reueng'd you Rascall, I doe not feare the Spanish Inquisition, I'le runne to the Councell, and betray thy villany; I'le carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards haue conquered *Lisbon*, and *Ciuit*. You notorirus villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy Ruffe look't so like the Moone Crescent in 88. thy very breath is inuincible, and stinkes of an Armado.

*Arist.* Kicke him out of the presence, his company will metamorphis vs to balderdash.

*Wild.man.* Well *Diogenes*, you were best keepe close in your tubbe, I'le be reueng'd on you; I'le complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by Saint *Iohns*, not I.

*I Schol.* Well *Demine*, though the *hora octaua* be not come, yet you may be gone.

*Kicks him.*

*Exit.*

*Arist.* Come Pupill, haue you any minde to study my Philosophy?

*Sir.* Yes *Mehercule* Sir, for I haue alwaies accounted Philosophie to be *omnibus rebus ordine, natura, Tempore, honore prius*, and these Schoolemen haue so pulled me, & my Dictionaries, that I despaire of vnderstanding them either in *summo gradu*, or *remisso*. I lay sicke of an *Hecceitas*, a fortnight, and could not sleepe a winke fort; therefore good Sir teach me as *Quotidians*, as you can, and pray let it be *Conceptis verbis*, and *ex mente Philosophi*.

*Arist.* I warrant thee a good proficient, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures you must be matriculated, and haue your name recorded in *Albo Academiae*.

*Simp.* With all my heart Sir, and *totaliter*, for I haue as great a minde as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

*Arist.* Giue him the oath.

1 *Schol.* Lay your hand on the booke.

*Sim.* Will *tactus virtualis* serue the turne Sir?

2 *Schol.* No it must be *reale quid, & extra intellectum*.

*Sim.* Well Sir, I will doe it *quoad potentiam obedientialem*.

1 *Schol.* First, you must sweare to defend the honour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewives, and Tapsters, and professe your selfe a foe *nominalis*, to Maltmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

*He drinkes.*

1 *Schol.* Next you shall sweare to obserue the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by an Act of Parliament in the raigne of King *Sigebert* for the establishing of good gouernement in the antient foundations of *Miter Colledge*.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

*Drinkes againe.*

*Sim.* I Sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam, & non equiuocè*.

1 *Schol.* That you keepe all acts and meetings, *tam priuatum, in priuate houses, quam publice, in the Dolphin Schooles*; that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleepe at reckonings; but alwaies and euery where shew your selfe so diligent in drinking, that the Proctor may haue no iust cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

1 *Schol.* Lastly, that you neuer walke into the Towne, without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and Casting Hood; especially when there is a Conuocation, and of all thingstake heed of running to the Assizes,

*Sim.*



*Sim.* 1. Is this the end I pray you Sir, is this the *Finis*?  
 τοῦ τέλους.

2 *Schol.* It is *ultimum* Sir.

*Sim.* How pray you Sir, *intentione*, or *executione*?

1 *Schol.* *Executione*, that followes the Affizes.

*Sim.* But me thinkes there is one *Scrupulum* it seemes to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *Contraformam statuti*.

2 *Schol.* I but therefore you are sworne to keep customes, *Non omnino secundum formam statuti*.

*Arist.* What haue you inrolled him in *Albo*, haue you fully admitted him into the societie to be a member of the body *Academicke*.

*Sim.* Yes Sir, I am one of your Pupils now, *unitate numerica*, we haue made an end of it, *secundum ultimum Complementum, & actualitatem*.

*Arist.* Well then, giue the attendance.

Most graue audience, considering how they thirst after my Philosophie, I am induced to let you tast the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a iudicious pallat: for the rest I expell them my Schooles, as fitter to heare *Thales*, and drinke Water.

*Sim.* We will attend Sir, and that *bibulis auribus*.

*Arist.* The many errors that haue crept into the science, to distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes, then small Beere, and sober sleepes; whereas were the laudable custome of Sack drinking better studied, we should haue fewer Gownes and more Schollers.

1 *Schol.* A good note, for we cannot see wood for trees, nor Schollers for Gownes.

*Arist.* Now the whole Vniuersitie is full of your honest Fellowes, that breaking loose from a *Yorkeeshire* Belsrey, haue walked to *Cambridge* with Satchels on their shoulders: these you shall haue them studie hard for fowre or fife yeares, to returne home more fooles then they came; the reason whereof, is drinking Colledge taplash, that will let them haue no more learning, then they lize, nor a drop of wit more then

the Buttlers sets on their heads,

2 *Schol.* T'were charity in him to sconce'vm soundly, they would haue but a poore *Quantum* else,

*Arist.* Others there be that spend their whole liues in *Athens*, to die as wise as they were borne; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beere that drownes the soules in their bodies, *Hussons* Cakes, and *Paix* his Ale hath trothed their braines; hence is the whole tribe contemned, euery Prentice can icere at their braue Callickes, and laugh the Veluet Caps out of Countenance.

1 *Schol.* And would it not anger a man of Art to be the scorne of a what lacke you Sir?

*Arist.* 'Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behauiour: hence comes the Bride like simpering at a Iustice of Peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall *Husteron Proteron*.

*Sim.* 'Tis very true, I haue done the like my selfe, till I haue had a disgrace for my *Mittimus*.

*Arist.* 'Tis Beere that hath putrified our Horsemansship, for that you cannot ride to *Ware*, or to *Barkway* but your Hackneyes sides must witnesse your iourneys. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath beene fed with false Latin, and Pudding Pye, contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Nouerint uniuersi*.

*Sim.* *Per presentes me Simplicium.*

*Arist.* If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier, you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Moode and figure he speaks in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as Cloathes at *Cambridge*. Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons; all these, and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that nurse of Barbarisme, and foe to Philosophie.

*Simp.* Oh I am rauished with this admirall Metaphysicall Lecture,



Lecture, if euer I drinke Beere againe, let me turne ciuill Lawyer, or be poudered vp in one of *Luthers* barrells, pray lend me the booke againe, that I may forswear it. Fie vpon it, I could loue Sir *Giles* for presenting those notorious Alewiues. Oh *Aristippus*, *Aristippus* thou art equally diuine *ἡ δυνάμεις* *ὡς ἐν τελεχέει* the only father of Quodlibets, the Prince of Formalities, I aske my Starres whose influence doth gouerne this *orbem sublunarem* that I may liue with thee, and die like the Royall Duke of *Clarence*, who was sowled vp to immortality in a But of *Malmesey*.

2 *Schol.* You interrupt him Sir too much in his Lecture, and prevent your eares of their happinelle.

*Simp.* Oh heauens I could heare him *ad eternitatem*, and that *tam à parte ante, quàm à parte post*, O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are meere Orthodoxall, thy Philosophie canonically, I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam* & *prædicam*. Pray let me once more forswear the pollution of Beere, for it is an abominable heretique, He be his perfect enemy till I make him and bottle Ale fly the Country.

*Aristip.* But Sacke is the life, soule, and spirits of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Ioues* Kitchen, but his Wine Cellour, to increase the native heat and radical moysture, without which we are but droulie dust; or dead clay: this is Nectar, the very *Nepenth* the Gods were drunke with, 'tis this that gaue *Ganymede* beauty, *Hebe* youth, to *Ioue* his heauen, and eternity; doe you thinke *Aristotle* dranke Perry, or *Plato* Cyder? doe you thinke *Alexander* had euer conquered the world if he had bin sober? he knew the force & valour of Sacke, that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunke, with Wine and Ambition.

1 *Schol.* Onely here's the difference, Ambition makes them rise, and Wine makes them fall.

*Aristip.* Therefore the Garrilons are all drinking Schooles, the Souldiers trained vp to the mustering of pewter pots daily, learning to contemne death by accustoming to bee dead drunk: scarres doe not so well become a Captaine as Car-bunkles.

bunkles. A red nose is the grace of a Sericant Maior, and they vnworthy the place of Ancients that haue not good colours, the best shot to be discharg'd is the Tauerne bill, the best Alarum is the sounding of healthes, and the most absolute March is reeling.

2 Schol. And the best Artillery yard is the Dolphin.

Aristip. Thus you may easily perceiue the profite of Sack in millitary discipline, for that it may iustly seeme to haue taken the name of Sack from sacking of Cities.

Simp. Oh wonderfull, wonderfull Philosophie, if I bee a coward any longer, let me sweare a little to drink Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceiue it was onely *culpa ignorantia*, not *prava dispositionis* that made me a coward, but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Philosophie, I will be a Souldier, a Scholler, and euery thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materiâ, nec in formâ*, Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies: But proceed my *Pythagoras*, my *ipse dixit* of Philosophy.

Aristip. Next it is the only Elixar of Philosophie, the very Philosophers stone, able if studied by a yong Heire *mutare rerum species*, to change his House, Lands, Liuinges, Tenements, and Liueries into *aurum potabile*: So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shall be the more; whose Lands being dissolued into Sack must needs make his soule more capable of diuine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd and freed from so much earth.

2 Schol. Therefore why should a man trouble himselfe with so much earth, he is the best Philosopher that can *omnia sua secum portare*.

Aristip. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can bee inuented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head, a light head being as it were allied with heauen, first found out, that the motion of the orbs was circular like to its owne, which motions, *teste Aristotele*, first found that intelligence, so that I conclude all intelligence, intellect,



tellect, and vnderstanding to be the inuention of Sacke, and a light head; what mists of error had clouded Philosophie, till the neuer sufficiently praised *Copernicus* found out that the earth was moued, which he could neuer haue done, had hee not beene instructed by Sack, and a light head.

*Simp.* Hang methen when I turne graue.

*Aristip.* This is the Philosophie the great Stagirite read to his Pupill *Alexander*, wherein how great a proficient he was, I call the faith of History to witnesse.

*Sims.* Tis true *per fidem Historicam*, for I haue read how when he had vanquish'd the whole world in drinke, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

*Aristip.* Now to make our demonstration to proue, no wine, no Philosophie, is that admirable Axiome, *in vino veritas*, and you know that Sack and truth are the only Buts which Philosophie aymes at.

*Schol.* And the Hogshead is that *puteus Democriti* from whence they might both be drawne.

*Aristip.* Sacke, Clarret, Malmsey, White-wine and Hipocras are your five Predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Money is your substance, full cups your quantity, good Wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produceth another predicament in the Drawers, called passion, your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi* the Dolphin, your *situs* leaning, your *habitus* carousing, afterclaps are your *post* predicaments, your *priorum* breaking of iests, your *posterorum* of glasse, false bills are your fallacies, the shot is *subtilis obiectio*, and the discharging of it is *vera solutio*, seuerall humours are your moodes, and figures, where *quarta figura*, or gallons must not be neglected, your drinking is in Syllogismes, where a pottle is the *maior terminus*, and a pinte the *minor*, a quart the *medium*, beginning of healths are the premisses, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be diuided, Topicks or common places are the Tauernes, and Hamon, Wolfe, and Farlowes are the three best Tutors in the Vniuersities.

*Sims.* And if I be not entered, and haue my name admitted

ted into some of their bookes, let *forma misti* bee beaten out of me.

*Aristip.* To perswade the Vintner to trust you is good Rhetoricke, and the best figure is Synecdoche to pay part for the whole, to drinke aboue measure is a Science beyond Geometry, falling backward is star-gazing, & no *Iacobs Staffe* comparable to a Tobacco pipe, the sweet harmony of good-fellowship with now and then a discord, is your excellent musick, Sack it selfe is your Grammar, sobriety a meere solecisme, and Latine be it true, or be it false, a very cudgell to your *Priscianus* pates, the reckoning is Arithmetique enough, a receipt of full cups are the best Physicke to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory, and here you haue an *Encyclopædia* of Sciences, whose method being circular, can neuer bee so well learned, as when your head runnes round.

*Sim.* If mine haue any other motion, it shall be *præternaturam*, I, and *contra* too, if I liue: I like that art of musick wondrous well, life is not life without it; for what is life but an harmonious lesson playd by the soule vppon the Organs of the body. O witty sentencel I am mad already, I see the immortality, ha braue *Aristippus*: but in Poetry 'tis the sole predominant quality, the sap and iuyce of a verse, yea the spring of the Muses is the fountaine of Sack, for to thinke *Helicon* a barrell of Beere, is as great a sin as to call *Pegasus* a Brewers Horse.

*Aristip.* I know some of these halfe penny Almanack makers doe not approue of this Philosophie, but giue you most abominable counsell in their Beggars Rhymes, which you are bound to beleeue as faithfully, as their predictions of foule and faire weather, you shall heare some of *Errapaters* Poetry.

*I wish you all carefully,  
Drink Sack but sparingly,  
Spend your coyne thriftily,  
Keepe your health warily,  
Take heed of ebriety,  
Wine is an enemy,*

Good



*Good is sobriety,  
Fly baths and Venery.*

For your often potations much crudities cause, by hindring the course of mother Natures lawes, therefore he that desireth to liue till October, ought be drunke in Iuly, but I hold it to be a great deale better that he went to bed sober, And let him alone thou man in the Moone, yet had'st thou but read a lease in this admired Author, this *aureum flumen*, this *terrens eloquentia*, thou would'st haue scorn'd to haue bin of the water Poets Tribe, or *Skeltons* family, but thou hast neuer tasted better Nectar then out of *Fennors* Wassaile Bowle, which hath so transformed him, that his eyes looke like two Tunnels, his nose like a Fauilet with the Spicket out, and therefore continually dropping: the Almanack makers, and Physitians are alike grand enemies of Sack, as for Physitians being fooles, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, and minister simples, but if I meet with you Ile teach you another receipt.

*Sims.* Why meet him Tutor; you may easily meet him. I know him Sir & *cognitione distincta & confusa* I warrant you, doe you not smell him Tutor? I know who made this Almanack against drinking Sack? ha *Stroffe*? haue I found you *Stroffe*? you will shew your selfe, I see, when all is done to bee but a Brewers Clarke.

*Aristip.* But farre better speaks the diuine *Ennius* against your Ale, and Barly broath, who knew too full well the vertue of Sack when *Nunquam nisi potus ad arma profiluit dicenda*; his verses are in Latine, but because the audience are Schollers, I haue translated them into English, that they may be vnderstood. Here read them.

I Schol. *There is a drinke made of the Stygian Lake,  
Or else of the waters the Furies doe make,  
No name there is bad enough which it to call,  
But yet as I wist it is ycleped Ale;  
Men drinke it thick, and pisse it out thin,  
Mickle filth by Saint Loy that it leaues within,  
But I of complexion am wondrous sanguine,*

And will loue by'th Adorrow a cup of wine,  
 To line in delight was euer my wonne,  
 For I was Epicurus his owne sonne,  
 That held opinion that plaine delight  
 Was very felicity perfit:

A Bowle of wine is wondrous boone cheere  
 To make one blith, baxome, and deboncere,  
 'Twill giue me such valour and so much courage  
 As cannot be found 'twixt Hull and Carthage.

Aristip. But about the wit of humanity, the diuine Virgil  
 hath extol'd the Encomium of Sack in these verses.

2 Schol. Fill me a Bowle of Sack with Roses crown'd,  
 Fillt to the brim, Ile haue my temples bound  
 With flowry Chaplets, and this day permit  
 My Genius to be free, and froliquest;  
 Let me drinke deepe, then fully warm'd with wine,  
 Ile chaunt Æneas praise, that euery line  
 Shall proue immortall, till my moistned quill  
 Melt into verse; and Nectar-like distill;  
 I'me sad, or dull, till bowles brim fit'd infuse  
 New life in me, new spirit in my Muse,  
 But once rein'd With Sack, pleasing desires  
 In my chill blond kindle such active fires,  
 That my gray hayres seeme fled my wrinckl'd face,  
 Growne smooth as Hebes, youth, and beauties grace,  
 To my shrunk veines fresh blond and spirits bring,  
 Warne as the Summer sprightfull as the spring,  
 Then all the world is mine. Cresus is poore  
 Compar'd with me, he is rich that askes no more,  
 And I in Sack haue all, which is to me  
 My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty,  
 Then haue I conquer'd all, I boldly dare  
 My Trophies with the Pelean Youth compare,  
 Him I will equall, as his sword, my pen  
 My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men,  
 Doe not, Atrides, Nestors ten desire  
 But ten such drinkers as that aged sire,

His



His streame of bonied words flowed from the Wine,  
 And Sacke his Councell was, as he was thine.  
 Who euer purchast a rich Indian mine,  
 But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine,  
 Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow,  
 Killing cares to day, I haue out-liu'd my sorrow.

*Arist.* Thus resting in the opinion of that admirable Poet,  
 I make this draught of Sacke, this Lectures period.

*Dixi.*

*Simp.* *Dixi* dost thou say, I, and I'll warrant thee the best  
*Dixi* in Cambridge, who would sit poring on the learned  
 Barbarisme of the Schoolemen, that by one of thy Lectures  
 might confute them all *pro & con* I begin to hate distinction,  
 & *adnaliter*, & *habitnaliter*, yet a poxe to see, I cannot leaue  
 them *nec principaliter*, *nec formaliter*; yet I begin to loue the  
 Foxe better then subtilnesse. Oh Tutor, Tutor, well might  
 Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that he might open the Gates to  
 none but thy Pupils: come fellow Pupils, if I did not loue  
 you, I were an ἀνθρώπου φύσεως, and an absurditie in the ab-  
 stract; Let's practice, lets practice, for I'll follow the steppes  
 of my Tutor night and day: by this Sacke, I shall loue this  
 Philosophie: before I heard this Lecture, *Bankes* his Horle  
 was an *Aristotle*, in comparison of me: I can laugh to thinke  
 what a foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning, and how lear-  
 nedly I shall sleepe to night.

*2 Schol.* Sleepe to night! why? that's no point of our Phi-  
 losophie; we must sit vp late, and roare till we rattle the Wel-  
 kin: Sleepe, what haue we to doe with deaths Cater-cousin?  
 doe you thinke Nature gaue starres to sleepe by? haue you  
 not day enough to sleepe in, but you must sleepe in the night  
 too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

*Sim.* A Paradox? let me be cramp't if I sleep then, but what  
 must we sleepe in the day then?

*2 Schol.* Yes, in the morning.

*Sim.* And why in the morning?

*2 Schol.* Why, a poxe of the morning, what haue we to  
 doe.

doe with the sober time of the day ?

*Sim.* 'Tis true I see, wee may learne something of our fellow Pupils, and what must wee doe now fellow, pupils ? What must we doe now ?

*1 Schol.* Why? conferre our notes.

*Sim.* What is that ?

*2 Schol.* Why, conferring of notes, is drinking off cups, halfe pots are saying of parts, and the singing of Catches is our repetition.

*Sim.* Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you.

*1 Schol.* Gramercy braue lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticisme; I would not haue lost it for *Eustathius* and his Bishopricke, it's a generall rule, and true without exception.

*Sim.* Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you too.

*2 Schol.* Faith, let me haue it, let's share, and share like boone Rascals.

*Sim.* I'll say my part to you both.

*2 Schol.* By my troath, and you haue a good memory, you haue con'd it quickly Sir.

*Sim.* But what shall we haue for repetitions now ?

*2 Schol.* I, what for repetitions ?

*1 Schol.* Why the Catch against the Schoolemen in praise of our Tutor *Aristippus* : can you sing *Simplicius* ?

*Sim.* How begins it pray you ?

*1 Schol.* *Aristippus is better*

*Sim.* O God Sir, when I was in the state of ignorance, I con'd it without booke, thinking it had beene a Position.

*Aristippus is better in euery letter,*

*Then Faber the Parisiensis,*

*Then Scotus, Soncinus, then Thomas Aquinas,*

*Then Gregorie Gandauensis :*

*Then Cardan and Ramus, then old Paludanus,*

*Albertus, and Gabriella,*

*Then Pico Mercatus, or Scatiger Natus,*

*Then Niphus or Zabarella.*

*Portado,*



*Hortado, Trombetus, were fooles with Toletus,  
Zanardus, and Will de Hales,  
With Occham, Ianellus, and mad Algazellus,  
Philoponus and Natalis.*

*The Conciliator, was but a meere prater,  
And so was Apollinaris:*

*Iandunus, Plotinus, the Dunce Eugubinus,  
With Masius, Sawill, and Swarez,  
Fonseca, Durandus, Becanus, Holandus,  
Pererius, Amienture:*

*Old Trismegistus, whose volumes haue mist vs,  
Ammonius, Bonauenture,*

*Mirandula Comes, with Proclus and Somes,  
And Guido the Carmelita:*

*The nominall Schooles, and the Colledge of fooles,  
No longer is my delighta:*

*Hang Briewood and Carter, in Crakenthorpes garter,  
Let Keckerman too bemoane vs,*

*Ile be no more beaten, for greasie lacke Seaton,  
Or conning of Sanderfonus:*

*The censure of Cato's, shall neuer amate vs,  
Their frestie beards cannot nip vs:*

*Your Ale is too muddy, good Sacke is our studie,  
Our Tutor is Aristippus.*

*Enter the Wild-man with two Brewers.*

*Wild-man.* There they be, now for the valour of Brewers,  
knocke um soundly, the old Rogue, that's hee, doe you not  
see him there? soundly, soundly, let him know what Cham-  
pions good Beere has.

*They beat out Aristippus and the  
Schollars.*

*Wild-*

*Wild-man solus.*

He findes  
Pots.

He findes  
empty  
Papers.

Now let them know that Beere is too strong from them, and let me be hang'd if euer I be mil'der to such Rascals, they shall finde these but stale curtesies. How now? what's here? the learned Library, the Philosophicall volumes: these are the bookes of the blacke Art; I hate them worse then *Bellarmino* the golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcharon. I wonder what vertue is in this peuterfaced Authour, that it should make euery one fall in loue with it so deeply? I'll trie if I can finde any *Philtum*, any loue-Potion in't: by my *Domine* not a drop; *O stultum ingenium hominum*, to delight in such vanities. Sure these are Comments vpon Tobacco, dry and iuycelle vanities. I'll try againe by my *bonâ fide*, but this doth relish some learning, still better, an admirable witty rogue, a very flash. I'll turne another leafe, still better, has he any more Authors like this? what's here *Aristippus*? a most incomparable Authour, *O Bodly, Bodly*, thou hast not such a booke in all thy Librarie, here's one lyne worth the whole *Vatican*: *O Aristippus* would my braines had beene broken out when I broched thy hog's-head: *O curst Brewers*, and most accursed am I to wrong so learned a Philosopher as *Aristippus*? what penance is enough to cleere me from this impardonable offence: twenty purgations are too little; I'll sucke vp all my Beere in Toasts, to appease him, and afterwards liue by my Wife and Hackneyes. Oh that I had neuer vndertooke this selling of Beere, I might haue kept my house with Fellowes Commons, and neuer haue come to this: But now I am a wild-man, and my house a Bedlam: *O Aristippus, Aristippus, Aristippus*.

*Enter Medico de Campo.*

*Medico.* How now neighbour Wild-man?

*Wild-man.* *O Aristippus, aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus*?

*Medico.*



*Medico.* What extasie is this?

*Wilde-man.* O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus*?

*Medico.* Why neighbour *Wilde-man*, disclose your griefes to me, I am a Surgeon, and perchance may cure vm.

*Wilde-man.* O cry you mercy, you are the welcommest man liuing, the onely man I could haue wished for, O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

*Medico.* Why what's the matter neighbour? O I heare he has seduced away your Parishioners, is this the cause of your Lamentation.

*Wild man.* O no Sir, a learned Philosopher, one that I loue with my soule: but in my rage I cannot tell you Sir, 'tis a dismall tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turne edge at it.

*Medico.* Neuer feare it, I haue one was sent from a—— faith I cannot thinke on's name, a great Emperour, hee that I did the great cure on, you haue heard on't I am sure: I fetched his head from *China*, after it had beene there a fortnight buried and set it on his shoulders againe, and made him as liuely, as euer I saw him in my life; and yet to see I should not thinke on's name. O I haue it now, *Prestor Iohn*, a poxe on't, *Prestor Iohn* 'twas hee hee, I faith, 'twas *Prestor Iohn*, I might haue had his Daughter if I had not been a foole; and haue liu'd like a Prince all the daies of my life; nay, and perchance haue inherited the Crowne after his death; but a poxe on't, her lips were too thicke for mee, and that I should not thinke on *Prestor Iohn*.

*Wild man.* O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, poxe on your *Prestor Iohn* Sir, will you thinke on *Aristippus*?

*Med.* What should I doe with him?

*Wild-man.* Why? in my rage Sir, I haue almost killed him, and now would haue you cure him in sober sadnesse.

*Medico.* Why call him out Sir.

D

Enter

*Enter Simplicius.*

*Wilde-man.* Sir, yonder comes one of his Pupils.

*Medico.* Salue Mr. *Simplicius.*

*Simp.* Salue me, 'tis but a Surgeons complement *Signior Medico de Campo*; but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor wants helpe: Are you there you *Vsquebaugh* Rascall, with your *Metheglin* iuyce, I'le teach you Sir to breake a Philosophers pate; I'le make you leaue your distinctions as well as I haue done,

*Wild-man.* O pardon, pardon me, I repent Sir heartily, O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, I haue broken thy head *Aristippus*, but I'le giue thee a plaister *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

*Medico.* I pray Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the house can furnish you with Barbers prouision, let all be in readinesse.

*Exit Simplicius.*

*Wild-man.* Pray Sir doe you thinke you can cure him?

*Medico.* Him? why neighbour doe you not remember the Thumbe?

*Wilde-man.* What of the Thumbe? I haue not heard of it as yet Sir.

*Medico.* Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not know the cure of the Thumbe?

*Wild-man.* No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumbe, doe you still remember't Sir.

*Medico.* Remember't, I, and perfectly, I haue it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one lost his Thumbe, I bechance comming by, tooke it vp, put it in my pocket, some two moneths after, meeting the Gentleman, I set on his Thumbe againe; and if he were now in *Cambridge*, I could haue his hand to shew for't: why did you ne're heare of the Thumbe Sir? 'tis strange you neuer heard mee speake of the Thumbe Sir.

*Enter*



*Enter three Schollars bringing forth Aristippus  
in his Chayre.*

*1 Schol.* Signior *de Medico Campo*, if you haue any art or skill, shew it now, you neuer had a more deseruing Patient.

*Medico.* Yet I haue had many, and royall ones too, I haue done Cures beyond Seas, that will not be beleued in *England*.

*2 Schol.* Very likely so, and Cures in *England* that will not be beleued beyond seas, nor here neither, for in this kinde, halfe the world are infidels.

*Medico.* The great Turke can witnesse, I am sure the eyes that he weares, are of my making:

*1 Schol.* Hee was then an eye-witnesse: but I hope hee weares spectacles Signior.

*Medico.* Why, won't you beleue it, why I tell you I am able to say't, I saw't, I saw't my selfe, I cur'd the King of *Perland* of a Wart on's nose, and *Bethlem Gaber* of a Ring-worme.

*1 Schol.* The one with raw Beefe, and the other with Inkehornes.

*Medico.* Poxe of your old Wiues medicines; the worst of mine Ingredients is an Vnicornes Horne, and a Bezars Stone: Raw Beefe, and Inkehornes? Why, I cur'd *Sherley* in the Grand *Sophies* Court in *Persia* when he had beene twice shot through with Ordinance, and had two bullets in each thigh, and so quickly, that he was able at night to lye with his Wife the *Sophies* neece, and beget a whole Church of Christians, and could this haue beene done with raw Beefe and Inkehornes?

*Sims.* No sure, this could not haue beene done without Egges and greene-sauce, or an Oatmeale Poultice at least.

*Medico.* The King of *Russia* had died of the wormes, but for a powder I sent him.

*2 Schol.* Some of that you meane, that sticke on the bullet which you tooke out of *Sherleys* legges.

*Da*

*Medico.*

*Medico.* In the siege of *Ostend*, I gaue the Dutchesse of *Austria* a receipt to keepe her Smocke from being animated when she had not shifted of a twelue moneth.

1 *Schol.* Belceue me, and that was a Cure beyond *Scoggins* Fleas.

*Medico.* I am able by the vertue of one Salue, to heale all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia*.

2 *Schol.* I, and close vp the Bung-hole in the great Tub at *Hidellbergh* I warrant you.

*Medico.* I cur'd the State of *Venice* of a Dropsie, the Low-Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not beene treason, I had cur'd the Fistula, that it should haue dropt no more then your nose. By one Dramme on a knifes point, I restored *Mansfield* to his full strength and forces, when he had no men left, but was onely skin and bones. I made an Arme for *Brunswicke*, with so great art and skill, as nature her selfe could not haue mended it; which had it not come too late, and after his death, would haue done him as much seruice as that which was shot off.

2 *Schol.* I easily belceue that I faith.

*Medico.* I could make a Purgation, that should so scour the Seas, that neuer a *Dunkerke* durst shew his head.

1 *Schol.* By my faith, and that would bee a good State Glister.

*Medico.* I haue done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the *English* Nunnery, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2 *Schol.* And yet had as much left, as seru'd fise Cardinals on Fasting-dayes.

*Medico.* And there was no man in the Realme of *France*, either *French* or *Spanish*, or *Italian* Doctors, but my selfe, that durst vndertake the King of *France* his Cornes, and afterwards hauing curd him, I dranke a health to him.

*Sims.* Would we had the pledging on't, O happy man that hast conferred a note with the King of *France*.

*Medico.* And doe you seeme to misdoubt my skill, and speake of my Art with ifs and ands? Doe you take mee for



a Mountebank, and hath mine owne tongue beene so silent in my praise, that you have not heard of my skill?

*2 Schol.* No, pardon vs Signior, onely the danger our Tutor is in makes vs so suspitious; we know your skill Sir, wee haue heard *Spaine* and your owne tongue speake loud on't, we know besides, that you are a Trauailer, and therefore giue you leaue to relate your words with authority.

*Med.* Danger? what danger can there be, when I am his Surgeon?

*1 Schol.* His head Sir is so wondrously bruised, 'tis almost past cure.

*Med.* Why what if he had neuer an head? am not I able to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could set it together, as perfectly as in the wombe.

*Wild.* Beleeue me neighbour, but that would bee as great a wonder, as the Thumbe, or *Prester Johns* head.

*Med.* Why? Ile tell you Sir what I did, a farre greater wonder then any of these, I was a Trauailer,

*2 Schol.* There is no such great wonder in that, but what may be beleeued.

*Med.* And another friend of mine traualled with me, and to bee short, I came into the Country of Cannibals, where missing my friend, I ran to seeke him, and came at last into a Land where I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten halfe of him, I was very peniue at his misfortune, or rather mine, at last I berthought me of a powder that I had about me, I put it into their wine, they had no sooner dranke of it, but they presently disgorg'd their stomacks, and fell asleepe; I Sir, gathered vp the miterable morsels of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man againe; and if he were here still aloue, he were able to witnesse it himselfe, and doe you thinke I cannot cure a ten-groats damage, or a crackt Crowne.

*1 Schol.* Good Signior make no such delaye, cure him, and haue one wonder more to fill vp your Legend.

*Med.* Here hold the Balon, you the Napkins, and you *M<sup>r</sup>. Simplicius* the Boxes, how shall we doe to lay his feet vp-

on. By my troth Sir he is wonderfully hurt, his *pis mater* I perceiue is cleane out of ioynt; of the 20. bones of the *Cranium* there is but three onely whole, the rest are miserably crushed and broken, and two of his Sutures are cleane perished, onely the Sagitall remaines free from violence, the foure Tunicats of his eyes are thred bare, the Meninx of his eare is like a cut Drum, and the hammers lost: there is not a Cartilago in his head worth three pence; the top of his nose is dropt away, there is not a Muscle left in the Cavities of his Nostrils, his *dentes molares* are past grinding, his Pallet is lost, and with it his *gurgulio*, yet if he can swallow, I warrant his drinking safe: helpe open his mouth, so, so, his throat is sound: he's well I warrant you, now giue him a cup of Sack, so let me chafe his Temples, put this powder into another glasse of Sack, and my life for his, he is as sound as the best of vs all: let downe his legs. How doe you Sir?

*Aristip.* Why as yong as the Morning, t'all life, and soule not a dram of body; I am newly come backe from Hell, and haue seene so many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose Art hath restored me to life againe.

1 *Schol.* The Catholique Bishop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

2 *Schol.* One that hath ingrolled all Arts to himselfe, as if he had the Monopoly:

1 *Schol.* The onely Hospirall of soares.

2 *Schol.* And Spittle-house of infirmities, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

1 *Schol.* One that is able to vndoe the Company of Barbersurgeons, and Colledge of Physitians, by making all diseases fly the Country.

2 *Schol.* Yea he is able to giue his skill to whom he please, by Act of deed or bequeath it by Legacy, but hee is determined as yet to intaile it to his heires males for euer.

3 *Schol.* Sir, death it selfe dares not anger him, for feare hee should begger the Sextons by suffering no graue to bee made, he can chuse whether any shall dye or no.

3 *Schol.* And he do's't with such celerity, that a hundred  
pcccs



peeces of Ordinance in a pitch'd field could not in a whole day make worke enough to imploy him an houre; you owe him your life Sir: Ile assure you.

*Aristip.* Sir I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine, thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compasse of my Philosophy, and 'tis your owne.

*Med.* I haue gold enough Sir, and Philosophie enough, for my house is paved with Philosophers stones, mine only desire is, that you forgiue the rage of this wildman, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you.

*Wild.* O reuerend Philosopher, and Alchimy of vnderstanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholique Monarch of Wines, Archduke of *Canary*, Emperour of the sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudenesse, and I will forswear that Dutch heresie of English Beere, and the witchcraft of *Middletons* water, Ile turne my selfe into a Gowne, and be a profest disciple of *Aristippus*.

*Aristip.* Giue him a Gowne then ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walke in, let's be very iouiall and merry, 'tis my second birth-day, let's in, and drinke a health to the company:

*We care not for money, riches, or wealth,*

*Old Sack is our money, old Sack is our health,*

*Then let's flock hither*

*Like Birds of a feather,*

*To drinke, to sing,*

*To laugh and sing,*

*Conferring our notes together,*

*Conferring our notes together,*

*Come let vs laugh, let vs drinke, let vs sing,*

*The winter with vs is as good as the spring,*

*We care not a feather*

*For wind, or for weather,*

*But night and day*

*We sport and play,*

*Conferring our notes together,*

*Conferring our notes together,*

*Stup!*

*Simp* Hark, they are drinking your healths, within, and I must haue it too, I am only left here to offer my *supplicat* to you, that my grace may passe, and then if I may but commence in your approbation, I will take a degree in drinking, and because I am turn'd a iouiall mad raskall, I haue a great desire to be a Midsummer Batch'lor, I was onely stay'd to aske your leaves to goe out.

*Exit.*

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*FINIS.*

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# THE PEDLAR, AS IT WAS PRESENTED IN A STRANGE SHOW.

*Generous Gentlemen,*

**S**uch is my affection to *Phœbus* and the ninety nine Muses, that for the benefit of this royal Vniuersitie, I haue strodled ouer three of the terrestriall globes with my Geometricall rambling, *uiaelicet*, the *Asia* of the Dolphin, the *Affrique* of the Rose, the *America* of the Mitre, besides the *terra incognita* of many an Alehouse. And all for your sakes, whom I know to be the diuine brats of *Helicor*, the lawfull begotten bastards of the thrice three sisters, the learned filly-foles to Mounsier *Pegasus*, Arch-hacney to the students of *Parnassus*: Therefore I charge you by the seaueu deadly Sciences, which you more study then the three and foure liberall sinnes, [that you ha, ha, hes may be the recompence of my ridiculous endeauours.

I haue beene long in trauaile, but if your laughter giue my Embryon Iests but safe deliuerance, I dare maintaine it in the throat of *Europe*, *Ieronimo* rising from his naked bed was no t so good a Midwife:

But I see you haue a great desire to know what profession I

E

am

am of : first therefore heare what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for hope you see no buckrams honestly about me, and I sweare by these sweet lips my breath stinkes not of any State actions : I am no Souldier although my heeles be better then my hands : by the whips of *Mars* and *Bellona* I could neuer endure the smell of salt Peeter since the last Gunpowder treason, the voyce of a Mandrake to me is sweeter musick then those maximes of warre, those terrible Cannons, I am no Townsman vnlesse there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you see my head without hornes, I am no Alderman for I speake true English; I am no Iustice of peace, for I sweare by the honesty of a *Murimus*, the venerable Bench neuer kist my worshipfull Buttocks ; I am no Alchymist, for though I am poore, I haue not broke out my braines against the Philosophers stone ; I am no Lord, and yet me thinks I should, for I haue no Lands ; I am no Knight and yet I haue as empty pockets as the proudest of them all : I am no Landlord, but to Tenants at will ; I am no Inns of Court Gentleman, for I haue not beene stewed throughly at the Temple, though I haue beene halfe codled at *Cambridge* ; Now doe you suspect that I should say I am a Scholler, but I thanke my starres I haue more wit then so ; why I am not mad yet ? I hope my better *Genius* will shield me from a thred bare black Cloke, it looks like a peece of *Beelzebubs* Liurey. A Scholler ? what ? I doe not meane my braines should drop through my nose : no ; if I was what I wish I could but hope to be ; but I am a noble, generous, vnderstanding, royall, magnificent, religious, heroicall, and thrice illustrious Pedlar.

But what is a Pedlar ? why what's that to you ? yet for your satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honorable selfe, I will define him.

A Pedlar is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum mobile* of Tradsmen, a walking Burle, or moueable Exchange, a Socraticall Citizen of the vast vniuerse, or a peripateticall Iourneyman, that like another *Atlas* carries his heauenly shop on's Shoulders.



I am a Pedlar, and I sell my ware  
 This braue Saint Barthol. or Starbridge faire,  
 Ile sell all for laughter, that's all my gaines,  
 Such Chapmen should be laught at for their paines.  
 Come buy my wits which I haue hither brought,  
 For wit is neuer good till it be bought;  
 Let me not beare all back, buy some the while,  
 If laughter be too deere, tak's for a smile;  
 My trade is iesting now, or quible speaking,  
 Strange trade yonle say, for its set up with breaking;  
 My Shop and I am a'l at your command,  
 For lawfull English laughter paid at hand,  
 Now will I trust no more, it were in vaine  
 Tobreake, and make a Craddock of my braine,  
 Halfe haue not payd me yet, first there is one  
 Owes me a quare for his declamation,  
 Anothers morning draught is not yet paid  
 For foure Epistles at the election made,  
 Nor dare I crosse him who do's owe as yet  
 Three Ells of iests to line Priorums wit:  
 But here's a Courtier has so long a bill,  
 'Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will  
 Relate the summe: Item he owes me first  
 For an Inprimis: but what grieues me worst.  
 A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels taile  
 Cost me an houre, besides fine pots of Ale,  
 Item an Anagram on his Mistris name,  
 Item the speech wherewith he courts his Dame,  
 And an old bloberd scowling Elegie  
 Ypon his Masters dogs sad Exequie,  
 Nor can I yet the time directly gather  
 When I was paid for an Epitaph on's father,  
 Besides he neuer gaue me yet content  
 For the new coyning of's last complement,  
 Should I speake all? bet spoken to his praise,

*The totall summe is what he thinks, or sayes,  
 I will not let you run so much o'th score,  
 Poore Ducklane braines trust me, Ile trust no more,  
 Shall'siest for nought, haue you all conscience lost?  
 Or doe you thiuke our Sack did nothing cost?  
 Well then it must be done as I haue said,  
 I needs must be with present laughter payd,  
 I am a freeman, for by this sweet ryme,  
 The fellowes know I haue secur'd the time,  
 Yet if you please to grace my poore aduentures,  
 I me bound to you in more then ten indentures.*

But a pox on Skeltons fury, Ile open my Shop in honest  
 prose, and first Gentlemen Ile shew you halfe a dozen of in-  
 comparable points.

I would giue you the definition of points, but that I think  
 you haue them at your fingers ends, yet for your better vn-  
 derstanding

A point is no body, a common terme, an extreme friend  
 of a good mans longitude, whose center and circumference in  
 ioyne one diametricall opposition to your equilaterall Doub-  
 lets, or equicrurall Breeches; but to speake to the point,  
 though not to the purpose.

I The first point is a point of honesty, but is almost worne  
 out, and has neuer beene in request since trunck Hose and  
 codpeece Breeches went out of fashion, it's made of simplicity  
 Ribbon, and tagged with plaine dealing; if there bee any  
 knaues among you (as I hope you are not all fooles) faith buy  
 this point of honesty, and the best vse you can put it to, is to  
 tye the band of affection: but I feare this point will finde no  
 Chapman, some of you had rather sell, then with *Demosthenes*  
 buy honesty at so deare a rate: oh I could wish that the Bree-  
 ches of Bowlers, Stewards, Taxors, Receiuers, and Auditors  
 were trussed with these honesty points; but some will not  
 be tyed to it, but hist Tom, it is dangerous vntrusting the  
 time.



2 The next is a point of Knauery, but I haue enow of them already, yet because I am loth to carry mine any longer about me, who giues me most shall take it, and the Deuill giue him good on't : this point is cut out of villanous Sheepskin parchment in a Seriueners Shop, tagg'd with the Gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him of when it borrow'd his eares; if he doe but fasten this to the new Doublet of a yong Squire, it will make him grow so corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waste, this point of Knaucry has beene a man in his dayes, and the best of the Parish, fourteene of them goe to our Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this, a point of Knauery is an occult quality tyed on a riding knot, the better to play fast and loose, he was borne in Buckram, h'as runne through all offices in the Parish, and now stands to be President of Bridewell, where I leaue him hoping to see him truss'd at Turne.

3 Amongst all my point, a points of ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richest point in my pack, and is neuer out of fashion at Innes of Court, if you buy this point, you are arrant fooles, for Ile giue you this gift, that you shall haue it in spite of your teeth.

4 The next is a point of good manners, that has beene long lost among a croude of clownes, because it was only in fashion on this side Trent.

This point is almost found in our Colledge, and I thanke the heauens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine, it hath beene much defil'd, but I hope to see it cleane wash't away with the sope of good gouernment.

This point, to giue you a little inckling of it, begins from the due obseruance of a Freshman to Sophisters, and there it ends with a *cede maioribus*.

5 Next point is a point of false doctrine snatch't from the codpeece of a long winded Puritan, the breath of *Arminius* will rot in him. Tagge him with a peece of Apocrypha, and he breakes in sunder, trusse him to the Surplisse, and his

Breeches will presently fall downe with the thought of the whore of *Babylon*.

He hates vnity and Church discipline so farre, that you cannot tye a true loues knot on him: cut of his tags, and hee will make excellent strings for a *Geneva Bible*, I would haue these points anathematized from all the religious Breeches in the company: 'tis made of a dangerous stubborne Leather, tagg'd at one end with selfe conceit, at the other with wilfull opinion, this point is fit for no seruice, but *Lucifers Caco-truces*: but why talke I so long of this point, it is pity it is not licensed.

6 If you like my points, why doe you not buy? if you would haue a more full point, I can furnish you with a Period; I haue a Parenthesis (but that may be left out) I know not how you affect those points: but I loue them so well that I griue at the ignorance of my infancie when my most audacious Toes durst play at *spurne-point*.

*Who will not pittie points when each man sees  
To begging they are falne upon their knees,  
Though I beg pittie, thinke I doe not feare  
Censuring Critick whelps, no point Monsieur  
If you hate points, and these like merry speeches,  
You may want points to trusse up your Breeches,  
And from the close steele may be neuer more  
That hating points doth clasps and keepers lome,  
But if my points haue here at all offended,  
Ile tell you a way how all may be amended;  
Speake to the point, and that shall answere friend,  
All is not worth a point, and ther's an end.*

*Then*



*Then the Pedlar brought forth  
a Looking-Glasse.*

The next is a Looking-Glasse, but I'll put it vp againe, for I dare not be so bold as to shew some of you your owne faces; yet I will, because it hath strange operation, viz.

If a crackt Chambermaid dresse her selfe by this Looking-Glasse, she shall dreame the next night of kissing her Lord, or making her mistresse a shee Cuckold, and shall marry a Chaplin, the next living that fals.

If a stale Court Ladie looke on this Reflection, shee may see her old face, through her new Complection.

An Usurer cannot see his conscience in it, nor a Scriuener his cares.

If a Townesman peepe into it, his *Alceons* furniture is no longer inuisible: Corrupt takers of bribes may reade the price of their consciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot see the face of a Scholler in it. If one of our Jewell-nos'd, Carbunekl'd, rubricke, bonifac't, can venture the danger of seeing their owne faces in it, the poore Basiliskes will kill themselues be reflection.

If a blinde man see his face in this, hee shall recouer his eye-sight.

But I see no pleasure in the contemplation of it; for when I looke into it, I finde my selfe inclined to such a dangerous disease, that I feare I cannot liue here aboute foure yeeres longer: Howsoeuer I hope after my disease, we shall drinke the parting blow.

*If any this Looking-Glasse disgrace,  
It is because he dares not see his face:  
Then what I am, I will not see (faith) say,  
'Twas the whores Argument when she threw't away.*

*Then.*

*Then the Pedlar brought forth a Boxe  
of Cerebrum.*

But now considering what a Philosophicall *vagum* there is in most of our Cambridge Noddles, I haue here to sell a soueraine boxe of *Cerebrum*, which by *Lullius* his Alchymy, was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristotles* Pericranium, sodde in the sinciput of Demosthenes. The fire being blowne with the long-winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence, the whole confection boyled from a pottle to a pinte, in the Pipkin of *Seneca*: we owe the first inuention of it to Sir *John Mandeuile*, the perfection of it to *Tom of Odcombe*, who fetcht it from the gray-headed Alpes in the *Hobsons* Waggon of experience; I sweare as *Persians* vlc by this my Coxcombe, this Magazine of immortall roguerie: but for this Boxe of braines, you had not laughed to night; buy this boxe of braines, and the tenure of your wits shall be foccage, when as now it is but fee-simple.

These braines haue very admirable vertues, and very strange operations: foure drops of it in the care of a Lawyer, will make him write true Lattin: three graines will fill the Capitall of an Vniuersitie Gander; the terrestriall head of a high Constable, will be contented with halfe a dram; three scruples and a halfe will fill the braine-pan of Bamberie brother.

*Come buy my braines you ignorant guls,  
And furnish here your empty skulls:  
Pay your Laughter as it's fit,  
To the learned Pedlar of wit.  
Quickly come, and quickly buy,  
Or I'll shut my shop, and foole you'll dye.  
If you Coxcombes you would quoddle,  
Here buy braines to fill your noddle.*

*Who*



Who buyes my braines, learns quickly here,  
 To make a Probleme in a yeere:  
 Shall understand the predicable,  
 And the predicamentall Rabble.  
 Who buyes them not, shall dye a foole,  
 An exoteriske in the schoole.  
 Who has not these, shall ever passe  
 For a great Acromaticall Asse:  
 Buy then this boxe of braines, who buyes not it,  
 Shall neuer surfet on too much wit.

Then the Pedlar brought forth a  
 Whetstone.

But leauing my braines, I come to a more profitable Com-  
 moditie: for considering how dull halfe the wits of the Vni-  
 uersitie be, I thought it not the worst traffique to sell Whet-  
 stones.

This Whetstone will set such an edge vpon your inuenti-  
 ons, that it will make your rustie iron braines, purer mettle,  
 then your brazen faces. Whet but the knife of your Capaci-  
 ties on this Whetstone, and you may presume to dine at the  
 Muses Ordinarie, or suppe at the Oracle of *Apollo*. If this bee  
 not true, I sweare by the Doxies Petticotes, that I'le neuer  
 hereafter presume of a better vocation, then to liue and dye  
 the miserable factor of Conny-skins.

Then the Pedlar brought out  
 Gloues.

I haue also Gloues of seuerall qualities: the first is a paire  
 of Gloues made for a Lawyer, made of an intire Loadstone,  
 that has the vertue to draw gold vnto it; they were perfumed  
 with the conscience of an Vsurer, and will keepe scent till  
 wrangling haue left *Westminster Hall*; they are seamed with

Indentures, by the needlaworke of Mortgage, and fringed with a *Nouerint Vniuersi*. I would shew you more, but it is against the statute, because a *Latitas* hath beene serued lately vpon them. And few of you need any Gloues, for you weare Cordouant hands.

### *Night-Caps.*

My next Commodities, are seuerall Night-Caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candle-light. The first is lined with Foxe-furre, which I hope to sell to some of the Sophisters; it hath an admirable facultie for curing the Crapula, aboue the vertue of Ivie or bitter Almonds; nay, the porredge pot's not comparable vnto it.

I haue another fit for an Alderman, which *Acteon* by his last Will and Testament bequeathed to the Citie as a principall Charter, it was of *Dianae's* owne making; *Albumazer's Otacousticon* was but a Chamberpot in comparifon.

I could fit all heads with Night-caps, except your graue ouerwise Metaphysical heads: Marry, they are so transcendent, that they will not be comprehended within the predicant of a Night-cap.

### *Ruffes.*

I haue also seuerall Ruffes; first, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a Ruffe of Cobweb lawne for the Vniuersitie statutes: I haue a Ruffe for the Colledge too: but by this badge of our Colledge (my reuerend Lambskins) our backbiters say our Colledge Ruffes are quite out of stocke; I haue no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of strong hempe, you may haue them who will, at the Royall Exchange of Ti-burne.

As



As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriuners shop, there is good hope honestie will come in fashion againe.

But you will not bestow your money on such trifles: why? I haue greater wares.

Will you buy any Parsonages, Vicarages, Deanaries, or Prebendaries?

The price of one is his Lordships crackt Chamber-Maid, the other is the reseruing of his Worships tythes; or you may buy the Knights horse three hundred pound too deare, who to make you amends in the bargaine, will draw you on fairely to a Vicaridge.

There be many tricks, but the downe right way is three yeares purchase. Come bring in your Coyne; Livings are *Maiores in pretio* now, then in the daies of Domesday booke, you must giue presents for your presentations: there may be seuerall meanes for your institution, but this is the onely way to induction that euer I knew: but I see you are not minded to meddle with any my honest Leuiticall Farmers.

*Then the Pedlar tooke out a Wench made of  
Alabaster.*

But now expect the treasures of the world, the treasures of the earth digg'd from the mynes of my more then Indian paunch: Wipe your eyes that no enuious clouds of musty humours may barre your sight of the happinesse of so rare an obiect.

*Come from thy Pallace beauteous Queene of Greece,  
Sweet Hellen of the world, rise like the morne,  
Clad in the smocke of night, that all the starres  
May loose their eyes, and then grow blinde,  
Runne weeping to the man i'th moone,  
To borrow his dogge to leade the spheares a begging.*

*Rare Empresse of our soules, whose Charcole flames  
Burnes the poore Coltsfoot of amazed hearts.  
View this dumbe Audience thy beantie spies,  
And then amaz'd with grieve, laugh out their eyes.*

Here's now a rare beauty, oh how all your fingers itch,  
who should be the first Chapman? This will be a dainty friend  
in a corner. And were't not better to imbrace this pretty shambles  
of beauty, this errant Poultrie of perfection, then to tumble  
your sopic Laundresses? Is this like your daggel-tayl'd  
Bed makers? when a man shall lye with Seacole ashes, and  
commit adultery with the dust of his chamber?

Me thinkes this peerelesse Paragon of complection, should  
be better countenanced. She would set a sharper edge on your  
appetites, then all the three penny Cutlers in *Cambridge*.

I am a man as you are, and this naughty flesh and bloud  
will neuer leaue tempting: yet I protest by the sweet sole of  
this incomparable she, I neuer had any acquaintance with the  
pretty Libraries of flesh, but onely this: This is the subiect of  
my Muse; This I adorne with costly Epigrams, and such curious  
Encomiums, as may deserue immortalitie in the Chamberpots  
of *Hellicon*: and thus my *Furor Poeticus* doth accost  
her.

*Faire Madame, thee whose euery thing  
Deserues, the Close-stoole of a King:  
Whose head is faire as any bone,  
White and smooth as Pumex stone.  
Whose naturall baldnesse scornes to weare  
The needlesse excrements of hayre.  
Whose forehead streakes, our hearts commands,  
Like Douer Clifts, or Goodwyn sands.  
While from those dainty Gloe-worme eyes,  
Cupid shoots plum-pudding pyes.  
While from the Arches of thy nose,  
A Creame-pot of white Nectar flows:*

*Faire*



Faire dainty lips, so smooth so sleeke,  
 And truly Alabaster cheeke.  
 Pure Saffron teeth, happie the meat  
 That such pretty milnstones eat.  
 Oh let me heare some silent song,  
 Tun'd by the lewes-trumpe of thy tongue.  
 Oh how that Chin becomes thee well,  
 Where neuer hairy beard shall dwell:  
 Thy Corall necke doth statelier bow,  
 Then los when she turn'd a Cow:  
 O let me, or I shall nere rest,  
 Sucke the blackebottles of thy brest:  
 Or lay my head, and rest me still  
 On that dainty Hogmagog bill.  
 Oh curious, and unfathom'd waste,  
 As slender as the stateliest Mast:  
 Thy fingers too, breed my delight,  
 Each Wart a naturall Margarite.  
 Oh pittie then my dismall moane,  
 Able to melt thy heart of stone.  
 Thou know'st how I lament and howle,  
 Weepe, snort, condole, looke sad, and scowle.  
 Each night so great, my passions be,  
 I cannot wake for thought of thee.  
 Thy Gowne can tell how much I lou'd,  
 Thy Petticote to pittie mou'd.  
 Then let thy pedlar mercy finde,  
 To kisse thee once, though it be behinde.  
 Sweet kisse, sweet lippes, delicious sence,  
 How sweet a Zephyrus blowes from thence?  
 Blest Petticote, more blest her Smocke,  
 That daily busseth her Buttocke:  
 For now the Prouerbe true I finde,  
 That the best part is still behinde.  
 Sweet dainty soule, daigne but to giue  
 The poore Pedlar, this hanging Sleene:

*And in thine honour, by this kisse,  
I'll daily weare my Packs in this,  
And quickly so beare thee more faine,  
Then Quixot the Knight Errants dame.  
So farewell sweet, daigne but to touch,  
And once againe relesse my Pouch.*

Is it not pittie such ware should not be bought? well, I  
perceiue the fault is in the emptinesse of your learned poc-  
kets: well, I'll to the Court, and see what I can sell there, and  
then carry the Reliques to Rome.

Then the Pedlar calls for his Colstaffe.

*Some friend must now perforce  
Make haste, and bid my Boy  
To saddle me my wooden Horse,  
For I meane to conquer Troy.*

FINIS.

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